

3 O'CLOCK FOR STALE BREAD.

The Demand Increases as Fresh
Loaves Go Higher.

An Extremity to Which the
Poorer People Are Driven.

This Bread Trouble Is Felt Among Rich
Customers, Too.

Before daylight this morning, those members of the German Bakers' Association who could not, or who did not think it wise to attend the conference in the German Masonic Temple, 215 East Fifth street, yesterday forenoon, were reading the papers to find out how much their associates had decided to increase the price of bread, so that they could act accordingly. Many were keenly disappointed to learn that it had only been thought advisable to tax the staff of life a cent per loaf more.

In many instances they had practically done so on their own account by reducing the weight of their loaves from two to four ounces.

Still, they consoled themselves with the reflection that they need not return to the old standard of weight, while they could increase the price a cent, thus making bread about three cents per loaf dearer than it was ten days ago.

When the young sons and daughters of the poor went hurrying with their nickel for the breakfast loaf, therefore, they were told that five-cent bread was a thing of the past. "The cheapest bread now is six cents," they learned.

Back home the children went for the extra cent. In some cases they could not get it. When it happened this way they were told to go back and buy stale bread.

Stale bread became very popular to-day. Every baker says so. The bread that is a day or two old, which the baker could not dispose of when fresh, and is sold for a cent off the first price, it is not very plentiful, either. The drivers for the big bakers who deliver their bread to the small grocers about town, were industriously circulating the report that their bread had not been increased in price, nor reduced in weight. The last statement is false, according to the facts.

After reading the article in The Evening World last week the grocers weighed their bread and found out that the loaves had been scaled off from one to three ounces in weight. The poor are not the only ones who have been made to feel that the action of Hutchinson and other speculators in the commodities of life have a vital bearing on them.

A large number of bakers whose trade is of the first class, have a system of checks for their customers, after the common fashion of milliners. They have been selling seventeen bread tickets for a dollar. Last Saturday they notified their customers that, beginning to-day, only fifteen tickets would be given for a dollar.

It is the same with rolls and tea biscuits. In the families of the people who are considered well-to-do these latter, of late years, have, in a great measure, taken the place of bread at the breakfast table. Formerly they were sold at the rate of fifteen or sixteen for ten cents. To-day they are a cent apiece—ten for ten cents.

Are the people complaining? Indeed they are, rich and poor alike. They feel that, according to their own statements, the bakers were making large profits a few weeks ago when flour was as low as \$4 a barrel, and that now they should be willing to do with less, for a while at least.

They think much of Baker Otto Schenke's naive declaration in the bakers' meeting yesterday, when he said:

"If the public will surely get the impression that it has been robbed by the bakers in years gone by, when flour was so very cheap, and they think that the price of bread is now reason which now induces the bakers to go to reducing weight and raising prices."

There are a number of bakers on Third avenue who are not members of the Association. They did not raise the price of their bread last week, but they reduced the weight of loaves considerably.

An Evening World reporter interviewed a number of them this morning. They were loath to admit that they could even pay expenses without making the bread smaller while not reducing the price.

Henry F. Weiss, baker, at 381 Third avenue, said: "I am not a member of the Bakers' Association, so I did not raise my price to-day."

"Do you reduce the weight?"

"Yes, I did last week. I took about two ounces off my five-cent loaves and three ounces from my eight-cent loaves. I am only giving now six cents for five cents."

"Do you expect to raise the price?"

"Yes, indeed. If I raised the price I could give them more bread. I have been thinking of it. They would sooner have the bread lightened than pay a cent more a loaf."

"Have you a large demand for it?"

"Yes, lately I have a large demand for it. There are a number of Italians of the better class in this vicinity. They are great bread eaters. When the weight of bread was reduced they took to eating stale bread, and I have a big demand for it every day now."

John L. E. Meyer, 215 Third avenue—I raise the price of bread that used to sell for 6 to 6 cents. I reduce the weight of 8-cent loaves."

"How much?"

"Three ounces. They used to weigh one pound eleven ounces."

John Hoops, grocer, 48 Third avenue—I sell Shultz's and Droste's bread. I do not know what they weigh, but the loaves are getting smaller."

E. H. Bornemann, grocer, 373 Third avenue—Shultz's driver told me this morning that the bread weighed as much as it used to. That may be so, but I doubt it. I never weighed it, but these loaves, I am sure, are smaller than they used to be."

J. Hill, baker, 381 Third avenue—I have

reduced my bread in weight. There is a big demand for stale bread nowadays, but I don't sell any of it.

"What do you do to it?"

"I give it to the Sisters of Charity for the poor."

L. Leysersbach, baker, 279 Third avenue—I have flour enough that I bought for \$3 a barrel to last me over New Year's. I will not reduce the weight of my bread nor increase the price until then.

The reporter also visited Fleischmann's Vienna Bakery, at Tenth street and Broadway. Mr. Fleischmann was out. A clerk in his office declared that the bread had not been increased in price nor reduced in weight. He would not deny that such steps were going to be taken. He said: "Really, you must see Mr. Fleischmann for further information."

John Shea keeps a restaurant at 762 Broadway. He said: "I buy my bread from a French baker. I never thought it was too heavy, but in the last few days it has become so light that I keep it under weights, for fear it will fly off of its own accord."

A. L. Adams, of the Sinclair House, at Eighth street and Broadway, said: "I bake about ten barrels of flour a week, but only for the use of the guests in my house. Every barrel of double extra quality will continue to do so if flour should become \$20 per barrel."

HORSE-CAR MEN COMPLAIN.

The New Fourth Avenue Time Table Lengthens Their Working Day.

Dissatisfaction is felt by the drivers and conductors on the "depot" cars of the Fourth avenue horse-car line over the change of time made last Monday.

To an Evening World reporter, who spoke to half a dozen of them, they said they didn't see the reason for the change, and dislike it very much.

Supt. Skitt said: "The change was made to accommodate the public by removing the need of getting a transfer at Thirty-second street after 12 o'clock. After 3 o'clock all the 'depot cars' now run through to Eighty-ninth street."

This change gives from thirty-five down to eight minutes extra for the men. But they have an extra hour allowed them for dinner. Where they had one they have two now. Patrick Smith, driver of car 38 and Secretary of the labor organization among the men, saw me and when I explained the matter was satisfied. It is no hardship to the road.

RUCTION IN A HOTEL.

A Guest Who Devoted the Early Morning Hours to Smashing the Furniture.

A middle-aged and well-dressed man engaged a room at the Dwell House, 197 Fulton street, Brooklyn, at 2 o'clock this morning, registering as Hugo Kraemer, New York City.

Shortly after 3 o'clock Proprietor McLean was aroused from sleep by a continual crashing noise, which came from Kraemer's room. Bursting in the door, he found his guest busily engaged in demolishing the furniture. He remonstrated, but was told to mind his own business.

There are several men in this room trying to kill me," continued the man.

Fearing he would do some bodily injury, Mr. McLean had him removed to the First Precinct Station, where an ambulance surgeon pronounced his case as one of delirium tremens.

Mr. Kraemer was removed in a cab to 105 East Broadway street, where he is now being treated. In the city directory appears the name of "Hugo Kraemer, covers, 105 East Fourteenth street."

JUDSON JARVIS'S WIDOW DEAD.

She Was a Daughter of Sheriff Matt Brennan and a Famous Beauty.

Mrs. Mamie H. Jarvis, widow of the late Judson Jarvis, was buried this morning from St. Agnes's Church, Forty-third street, near Lexington avenue. She died on Saturday morning at the residence of her mother, Mrs. M. Brennan.

Mrs. Jarvis was a daughter of the late Sheriff Matthew T. Brennan, and was a great beauty in her day. Her marriage to Judson Jarvis had been a celebrated one, and her entertainment. She brought her husband a large fortune.

Judson Jarvis died suddenly about two years ago in the Hotel Brunswick. He was one of the best known and handsomest men of his day.

He was Order of Arrest Clerk for many years, and served the order of arrest on William M. Tweed at the time Jay Gould was on Tweed's bond. His picture, with that of Mr. Gould, was widely published about this time.

WILL BEDELL TELL ON THEM?

He Is Wanted as a Witness Against Emerson and Goss, the Policy Men.

Bedell, the gigantic forger of Shipman, Barlow, Larocque & Choate's checks, will appear before Recorder Smyth to-morrow in the role of witness against Herman Emerson and Philip Goss, the policy gamblers who are said to have pocketed a large share of his stealings.

It is an interesting question whether Bedell will relax and testify or not, in view of his refusal to bear witness in the civil suit brought by his victims and late employers against the bank which cashed the forged checks.

A Free Baptist Entertainment.

The Free Baptist people worshipping in the Grand Opera-house will give an entertainment, consisting of a Japanese wedding, music and recitations, in the Grand Opera-house Hall, Wednesday evening, Oct. 18.

Local News Condensed.

Maggie Lowe, of 326 Greenwich street, found her ten-year-old child Benjamin dead in bed this morning.

The drowned body of an unknown man was found in the North river at pier 50 to-day. He was about thirty-five years old, 5 feet 5 inches high, had red hair and a mustache. The body was nude, with the exception of a blue jumper.

Four-year-old Jacob F. Hill died at his home, 604 East Hundred and Thirty-seventh street, to-day, from the effects of burns which he accidentally received on Saturday.

Brooklyn News in Brief.

Martin Demiser, of 523 Third avenue, fell from a truck this morning and sustained severe injuries. Patrolman James Delaney died suddenly in the Seventh Precinct station-house last evening.

Mrs. Mary Kelly, of 551 West 14th avenue, reports the loss of a trunk containing wearing apparel valued at \$70, which an expressman obtained by means of a bogus order from her former house.

When Patrolman Sheehan, of the Eighth Precinct, attempted to arrest Martin Schalen, of 152 Twelfth street, last night for intoxication, the latter knocked the officer into the gutter. He was finally landed in the station house with a scalp wound.

Make Your Election Hot and Good.

Chew Koke Coat Tobacco and Get a Cud.



It Flies from Our Flagstaff To-Day.

ON THE DIAMOND.

Standing of the American Association This Morning.

Team	W.	L.	Draw.	P.	Per.
St. Louis	92	43	18	1	.681
Boston	86	51	23	0	.624
Athletics	80	51	24	2	.611
Pittsburgh	77	59	24	0	.565
Houston	77	59	24	0	.565
Cleveland	49	129	9	0	.276
Louisville	48	128	12	0	.269
Kansas City	43	132	0	0	.246

Games Scheduled for To-Day.

Brooklyn vs. Baltimore, at Washington Park, Brooklyn—rain.

Athletics vs. Cleveland, at Philadelphia—clear.

Kansas City vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati—rain.

INTERCOLLEGIATE FOOTBALL.

Schedule of the Season's Games Adopted by the Association.

The Intercollegiate Football Association finished its session at the Fifth Avenue Hotel yesterday. Walter C. Camp, C. S. King and W. H. Corbin represented Yale. Harvard was represented by J. H. Sears, B. Palmer, H. M. Cowan and J. R. Barr.

The Convention adopted the J. Lilly White No. 5 ball. Following is the schedule of games adopted:

Nov. 3—Yale vs. University of Pennsylvania, at New Haven; referee, Walter C. Camp.

Westleyan vs. Princeton, place not decided; referee, W. C. Camp.

Nov. 10—Princeton vs. University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia; referee, L. Price.

Harvard vs. Wesleyan, at Cambridge; referee, S. G. London.

Nov. 17—Harvard vs. Princeton, at Princeton; referee, W. C. Camp.

Yale vs. Wesleyan, at New Haven; referee, S. G. London.

Nov. 24—Yale vs. Princeton, at New York; referee, W. A. Brooks, Jr.

Nov. 30—Yale vs. Harvard, at New York; referee, W. C. Camp.

Morning—Westleyan vs. University of Pennsylvania, at New York; referee, W. C. Camp.

Harvard plays the University of Pennsylvania either on Nov. 19, at Philadelphia, or Nov. 21, at Cambridge.

GRANT OR HEWITT, WHICH?

A Hot Fight Over This Question at the Young Men's Democratic Club To-Night.

A highly interesting and even exciting time is expected at the meeting of the Young Men's Democratic Club, which is to take place at the Hoffman House this evening.

Tammany Hall men and County Democrats will be present in great force and will lock horns on the important question as to whether Hugh J. Grant or Abram S. Hewitt will be endorsed by the Club for Mayor.

The contest will rage over the adoption of one or other of two important resolutions which have been introduced:

The first reads:

"Whereas, this Club, in the year 1886, endorsed, approved and enthusiastically supported the nomination of Hon. Abram S. Hewitt for Mayor of this city.

Resolved, that this Club now endorse his renomination and pledges its earnest efforts to aid in his re-election.

The other is as follows:

"Resolved, that this Club now endorse the nomination of Hugh J. Grant for Mayor of the city of New York and pledges its earnest efforts to aid in his election."

The Hewitt resolution is introduced by Mr. Roger Foster, and Mr. Robert A. Van Wyck stands sponsor for the one calling for the endorsement of Hugh J. Grant.

Members of the Club believe the contest will be a close one, and that probably the Club may have to go to the fence and refuse to endorse either candidate.

KYRIE BELLER AND TUXEDO PARK.

That He Is an Actor Is Not the Reason That He Has Been Barred Out.

Touching the refusal of the Tuxedo Club Association to receive Mr. Kyrie Beller, the actor, who supports Mrs. James Drown Potter, and who was introduced to that Club by Mr. Potter, a member who has a stage there, it is learned upon authority that the Governing Committee notified Mr. Potter of the wish of the Club that Mr. Beller should not visit the Club or the grounds of the Association simply for the reason that in the opinion of the Association he was not a fit associate for the members of the Club.

The notification to this effect, had, the Committee say, nothing whatever to do with the fact that he is an actor.

The Governing Committee authorize the statement that they not only have no objection to, but would welcome as any other guest, any member of the "profession of such high character as Mr. Irving or Mr. Lawrence Barrett, or Mr. Booth, or Mr. Coghlin, or any other of like repute, but they would refuse a card to Mr. Beller just as they would to any other man of any profession of similar character.

War in East Africa Subsidized.

(SPECIAL CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.)

LONDON, Oct. 15.—Despatches from Zanzibar deny the truth of the report that the natives on the coast are cannibals and had eaten the Germans slain by them. They acknowledge, however, that the bodies were mutilated in honor of their dead.

The rising is beginning to subside. The rage of the natives has exhausted itself, and the tribes from the interior are going home. English agents are making efforts to restore peace between the Germans and the coast tribes.

Johnny Reagan Arrested.

Johnny Reagan, the pugilist, was arrested in East Market this morning on a charge of keeping his saloon, at 67 West street, open on Sunday. He was held in \$100 bail for examination.

THREE ARRESTS.

They Follow the Open Street Murder of Antonio Flaconio.

Restaurant-Keeper Sabatino the Chief of the Prisoners.

He Was One of a Little Dinner Party in St. Mark's Place.

The police of the Fourteenth Precinct arrested, about 2 o'clock this morning, the man who is believed to be the murderer of Antonio Flaconio, the Italian grocer who was stabbed to death in such a mysterious manner in front of the Eighth street entrance of Cooper Union last evening.

The only clue upon which the officers had to work was the description of the supposed murderer given by three witnesses of the affair, who said they saw the man walk rapidly away after the stabbing was done. They were all agreed that the mysterious person was a large man, with a dark mustache, and wore a derby hat.

According to the story of William Garrity, one of those witnesses, the quarrel between the two Italians began about 8.45 last evening. The two men were standing at the southwest corner of Eighth street and Third avenue, just east of the main entrance to Cooper Union. They talked excitedly in Italian and gesticulated so violently that they attracted the attention of many passers by. This lasted for some moments, when Garrity noticed that the two were scuffling, and a moment after the stouter one staggered towards the gutter and fell down.

The other man walked off rapidly down St. Mark's place and it was thought that he had been an Italian restaurant at No. 8. As soon as it was discovered that Flaconio had been stabbed the police were called, but the man died before an ambulance could be summoned. With a few minutes' delay, however, he found a villainous looking carving knife, sharpened to a point, and it is believed that the stabbing was done with this weapon, although no blood was found upon it.

All that the detectives of the Fifth street squad could learn last night was that Flaconio lived at 607 Third avenue, had two young children; that he had been a widower since March last, and was a clerk in the grocery store of an Italian named Manasco. The murderer had disappeared completely, leaving no trace, although his desperate crime had been chronicled in the papers, and a reward and right under the glare of a half dozen electric lights.

The body of the murdered man was taken to the Fifth street police station, where it remained last night. This morning it was removed to the undertaking shop of Anton Palmer, of 127 East Fourth street, by the direction of Joseph Agillo, the dead man's brother-in-law, who lives in Brooklyn. He said this morning that he would answer no questions regarding his brother-in-law, but intimated that he could tell a great deal if he had a mind to do so.

Flaconio was forty-five years old, about five feet six inches in height and quite stout. His clothing was perfectly saturated with blood, which had flowed from the gaping wound in his back, just over the heart. The cut was about an inch and a half long, and the keen blade must have penetrated the heart.

The articles found in his pockets were several diamond rings and other jewelry and more than \$125 in cash, which are still in the possession of the police.

Early this morning the police detectives went back to the place where the murder was committed. They first visited the Italian restaurant at St. Mark's place, where the supposed murderer was said to have entered. They again and there they found the place locked up tightly, but shortly after 9 o'clock Joseph Canizario, the cook, and also partner in the establishment, and Joseph Sciegno, a waiter, made their appearance. They were at once corralled by the detectives and taken to the police station, where Capt. McCullagh had a private interview with them.

Neither the murderous carving-knife was shown to Canizario as he at once said it was one of the knives he used in his kitchen, establishing beyond a doubt the fact that the murder had been in the restaurant the evening before.

The next thing was to identify the body of Flaconio, which both Canizario and Sciegno did very readily. They both had known him well, and said he was a frequent patron of the establishment which is called "La Trinaeria." Last evening, they said, he took his dinner there about 7 o'clock and that his companion, who was the table waiter, was named Sabatino, the other proprietor of the restaurant. Afterwards a number of others joined the party, including Canizario himself, and for some time they drank wine together. About 8.30 the party broke up, Sciegno said, and Flaconio and Sabatino went out together, and an hour or so afterwards Sabatino came back alone, with men swore that they knew nothing of the stabbing affair and that they were telling all they knew about it.

It was learned that Sabatino was also engaged in the fish and shell business, and that he was a frequent patron of the restaurant at Third avenue and Thirtieth street, with J. Quoderani, and Detective Roth paid a visit to the place. He found Sabatino sitting at a table in the little shop, and when he told him that he had come to arrest him for the murder of Antonio Flaconio the man turned ghastly pale and protested that he knew nothing whatever of the matter. He consistently taller than Flaconio, and rather slenderly built, but he has a dark brown mustache and his appearance corresponds well with the descriptions given by the witnesses of the affair last night.

Sabatino was taken to the police station and turned over to the tender mercies of Capt. McCullagh, who began to pump him in the same manner as in the case of the other two prisoners.

"Do you know Antonio Flaconio?" he asked the prisoner.

"Yes, I know him very well," was the reply.

"Did you see him last night?"

"I haven't seen him for several days."

"Wasn't he in your restaurant last night, and didn't you drink wine with him?"

"No, I never; he hasn't been in my place for a week. I don't know anything about him. I wasn't there myself last night."

"Did you ever see the knife before?" inquired the Captain, holding up the French carving.

"Never in my life. We do not have any such knives in our restaurant."

After making all those positive denials,

AT THE C. D. TELEPHONE.



The handsome C. D. Mogul was thinking of other than telephone wires, when—

"Hello! Hello! Hello!"

A nimble page brought the receiver to the steps of the throne.

"Well?"

"It's me, Madam. Count me out of the C. D. I like you, but I can't stand Hewitt. Ta-ta!"

Another ring.

"Well?"

"It's me, Grimmins, ex-Park Commissioner. I want to get out, too. Day! day!"

Still another rattle at the phone.

"Well?"

"It's me, Judge Koch. I resign, too. No more Hewitt in mine. Tra-la-la."

One more ring.

"It's I, Amos. No use talking, Maurice. I can't run on the C. D. ticket with Hewitt. Au revoir!"

The wrinkles on the brow of the de-bonair C. D. mogul grew broader and deeper. He soliloquized: "This is getting monotonous. There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the ebb, leads to disaster. And we seem to be getting there."

The telephone rattles once more:

"What ho, Mauritious!"

"Twas the stentorian voice of Brother-in-Law Cooper."

It continued:

"Armes Abramague cano, cranks qui primus excois!"

"Oh, drop that Latin, Edward. It's as much as I can do to understand your United States. Say do you think Father Abram will withdraw? Say it slow!"

"Withdraw what?"

"Why, himself."

"Bless my patent Knickerbocker smile! Brother-in-Law Abram may be a crank, as he proudly claims, but he'll never take such a turn as that. He would consider that unconstitutional. He won't withdraw till late on the night of Nov. 6."

"Then something must be done. Things are going to eternal smash. The German vote, the Irish vote, the Italian vote, the Labor vote, the Tammany vote, the Purroy vote, all, all have left us. And the way the resignations come in, it looks as if the C. D. vote besides was leaving. Say, Edward, put year ear a little closer. We can't afford to lose the baseball vote too. Do get Father Abram to reverse his decision and hoist that pennant on the City Hall."

"I fancy you've been reading The Evening World, Maurice. But that's not a bad idea. I'll see that Abram doesn't eat anything indigestible for a day or two, and then I'll speak to him about it. Good-by."

Then a jerky, testy rattle of that telephone bell.

"Hello! Hello! Hello! Maurice!!!"

Now, don't keep me waiting. Hello!! I'm not a modern job! Hello! Hello!! Why don't you answer before I speak? Hello! Hello!! Hello!!"

The machine fairly screeched.

"That must be the Mayor!!" ejaculated Maurice, as he mopped the perspiration from the sweat-band in his crown.

"Well, Father Abram, what can I do for you this fine morning?"

"It ain't a fine morning! Don't you try to hippodrome me. Why don't you do something to persuade young Grant to withdraw? He ought to. I'm running for Mayor! I'm the great reform, anti-politics, Know-Nothing candidate, and I'm a crank, too! Why don't you answer? Hello!"

"They say Grant will not withdraw unless you do."

"Then he's an impertinent young jackanapes! Me withdraw! I'm the People's candidate, and he's the nominee of a faction. He ought to withdraw for the sake of harmony."

"His friends say that you ought to withdraw for the same reason. He will if you will, and then the party can unite on some other man."

"Why don't they unite on me? I'm united enough, and if the party can't see its own interests, I'm not to blame."

There came an indistinguishable rattle on the phone as the Mayor executed one of his verbal harlequins.

Then the wires were crossed.

"Who's that?" asked the venerable Mayor and the C. D. Mogul in a breath.

"It's Mat Quay, National Republican Committee. I tender my daily vote of thanks."

But never an expression of delight from the National Democratic Headquarters, nor from Albany, nor from Washington!

3 O'CLOCK

MR. QUINN GOES TO COURT.

WARRANTS ISSUED FOR THE ARREST OF HIS ASSAILANTS.

The Story of the Capture of Pythagoras Hall Told to Justice Ford—Quinn Says That There Were Twenty in the Railing Party and That They Were Armed with Clubs—He Was Injured by a Knock in the Face.

Ex-Master Workman James E. Quinn, of District Assembly 49, who with three of his henchmen was unceremoniously fired out of Pythagoras Hall early Sunday morning by several brawny members of the Anti-Quinn faction, has gone to law for redress.

It was feared at first that he and his friends would storm the hall and regain possession by force.

Preparations were made accordingly. The hall doors were barred and entrance could only be had through Nolan's cigar store adjoining.

It was also reported that a small howitzer had been planted at the head of the stairs to sweep the hall if Quinn and his friends broke into the place.

This morning Quinn went to the Essex Market Police Court and asked Justice Ford for warrants authorizing the arrest of James J. Fitzgerald, Philip J. McGrath, G. W. Dunn and an unknown man described as John Doe.

"What did they do?" asked the magistrate. "Poolefully Mr. Quinn told his tale."

Justice Stockler related the story in possession of the hall. About 4 o'clock Sunday morning John Russell, William Adams, John O'Brien and myself were on guard in the office. We were weary and slept in a manner. My friends were clubbed severely."

The three men with him stepped before the magistrate and displayed their bandaged heads and faces as evidence.

Quinn declared that he had been kicked in the face while he lay on the sidewalk.

The warrants were granted and given to Detectives Mullane and Connors, of the Eldridge street station, to execute.

THE WHEAT MARKET.

A Weak Opening To-Day in New York and in Chicago.

The wheat market opened weak this morning both in New York and Chicago. At the opening here December was quoted 1 1/2c. below Saturday's closing, at \$1.12 1/2. May opened at \$1.17 1/2, against \$1.18 1/2. Saturday's closing figure. During the morning December fell to \$1.12 1/2, advanced to \$1.13 and declined again to \$1.12 1/2. May went down to \$1.16 1/2, advanced to \$1.17 and shortly before noon declined again to \$1.16 1/2.

In Chicago, December opened 1 1/2c. off, at \$1.15, and fell to \$1.13 1/2. During the morning the quotation fluctuated between that and \$1.14 1/2. May opened 1 1/2c. below Saturday's closing quotation, at \$1.13.

Later on there was a decline and the quotation fell to \$1.12 1/2. Liverpool cables were quiet.

THE CHICAGO STRIKE IS OVER.

The Result Practically a Victory for the Men—The Grip Cable Rained.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

CHICAGO, Oct. 15.—The strike is over, but almost as many people are walking from the North Side in the drizzling rain.

The street car service is little better than during the difficulties, and the wagons are all withdrawn.

The cable machinery is starting up, but no grip cars can be run until a new rope is threaded, the present one having been damaged by men who have been crawling into the manholes with files and saws and breaking the strands.

The result is regarded as a practical victory for the men.

THE FEVER VANISHING.

Jacksonville Is Rapidly Nearing a Healthy Condition.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 15.—Cool, almost cold weather, is gradually winning Yellow Jack, and his victims are growing fewer and fewer in number. Only two deaths occurred yesterday, and so far as your correspondent can learn none have occurred since yesterday noon.

The visiting physicians, who were incensed at a scurrilous anonymous letter in the Evening World, have been persuaded by Dr. Mitchell and have withdrawn their resignations. Everything looks hopeful here and the city is assuming a cheerful aspect.

BROOKLYN NEWS.

Sophie Boettcher Tries to Kill Herself by Gas, but Will Not Tell Why.

Sophie Boettcher, a domestic, employed at 137 Adelphi street, failed to respond this morning to her mistress's usual call and her room door was burst open. The girl was found lying on the bed unconscious and almost suffocated by gas.

She partly recovered at the Homeopathic Hospital and pitifully begged to be allowed to die. She said she had turned on the gas intentionally, but refused to say why she wanted to kill herself.

Fair, Warmer Weather.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—
Weather indications:
For Eastern New York
Fair, warmer, southerly winds.

The Weather To-Day.
Indicated by Bakley's tele-thermometer.
1888, 1887, 1886, 1885, 1884.
2 A. M. 47 50 59 62 65 68 71 74 77 80 83 86 89 92 95 98 101 104 107 110 113 116 119 122 125 128 131 134 137 140 143 146 149 152 155 158 161 164 167 170 173 176 179 182 185 188 191 194 197 200 203 206 209 212 215 218 221 224 227 230 233 236 239 242 245 248 251 254 257 260 263 266 269 272 275 278 281 284 287 290 293 296 299 302 305 308 311 314 317 320 323 326 329 332 335 338 341 344 347 350 353 356 359 362 365 368 371 374 377 380 383 386 389 392 395 398 401 404 407 410 413 416 419 422 425 428 431 434 437 440 443 446 449 452 455 458 461 464 467 470 473 476 479 482 485 488 491 494 497 500 503 506 509 512 515 518 521 524 527 530 533 536 539 542 545 548 551 554 557 560 563 566 569 572 575 578 581 584 587 590 593 596 599 602 605 608 611 614 617 620 623 626 629 632 635 638 641 644 647 650 653 656 659 662 665 668 671 674 677 680 683 686 689 692 695 698 701 704 707 710 713 716 719 722 725 728 731 734 737 740 743 746 749 752 755 758 761 764 767 770 773 776 779 782 785 788 791 794 797 800 803 806 809 812 815 818 821 824 827 830 833 836 839 842 845 848 851 854 857 860 863 866 869 872 875 878 881 884 887 890 893 896 899 902 905 908 911 914 917 920 923 926 929 932 935 938 941 944 947 950 953 956 959 962 965 968 971 974 977 980 983 986 989 992 995 998 1001 1004 1007 1010 1013 1016 1019 1022 1025 1028 1031 1034 1037 1040 1043 1046 1049 1052 1055 1058 1061 1064 1067 1070 1073 1076 1079 1082 1085 1088 1091 1094 1097 1100 1103 1106 1109 1112 1115 1118 1121 1124 1127 1130 1133 1136 1139 1142 1145 1148 1151 1154 1157 1160 1163 1166 1169 1172 1175 1178 1181 1184 1187 1190 1193 1196 1199 1202 1205 1208 1211 1214 1217 1220 1223 1226 1229 1232 1235 1238 1241 1244 1247 1250 1253 1256 1259 1262 1265 1268 1271 1274 1277 1280 1283 1286 1289 1292 1295 1298 1301 1304 1307 1310 1313 1316 1319 1322 1325 1328 1331 1334 1337 1340 1343 1346 1349 1352 1355 1358 1361 1364 1367 1370 1373 1376 1379 1382 1385 1388 1391 1394 1397 1400 1403 1406 1409 1412 1415 1418 1421 1424 1427 1430 1433 1436 1439 1442 1445 1448 1451 1454 1457 1460 1463 1466 1469 147